

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence  
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;  
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead.  
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyes head  
Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose grieve  
Beares such an *Emphasis*, whose phrase of sorrow  
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand  
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I  
*Hamlet* the Dane.

*Laer.* The Diuell take thy soule,

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,  
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand:

*King.* Plucke them a sunder.

*Quee.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame  
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of loue  
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For loue of God forbear him?

*Ham.* S'wounds shew me what th'out doe:  
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,  
Woo't drinke vp *Esill*, eate a *Crocodile*  
Ile doo't: doost come heere to whine?  
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I,  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of Aeres on vs, till our ground  
Indging his pate against the burning Zone

*Prince of Denma*

Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is meere madnesse,  
And this a while the fit will worke on  
Anon as patient as the female Doe  
When that her golden cuplets are discl  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you sir,  
What is the reason that you vse me th  
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he ma  
The Cat will mew, a dogge will haue l

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* wait  
Strengthen your patience in our last ni  
Weele put the matter to the present p  
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer y  
This graue shall haue a liuing monum  
An houre of quiet thereby shall we se  
Tell then in patience our proceeding l

*Enter Hamlet and*

*Ham.* So much for this sir, now sh  
You doe remember all the circumstan

*Hor.* Remember it my Lord.

*Ham.* Sir in my heart there was a l  
That would not let me sleepe, me tho  
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's  
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs kn  
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs  
When our deepe plots doe fall, and th  
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our end  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certaine.

*Ham.* Vp from my Cabin,  
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the  
Gropt I to find out them, had my del  
Fingard their packet, and in fine with  
To mine owne roome againe, making

Make